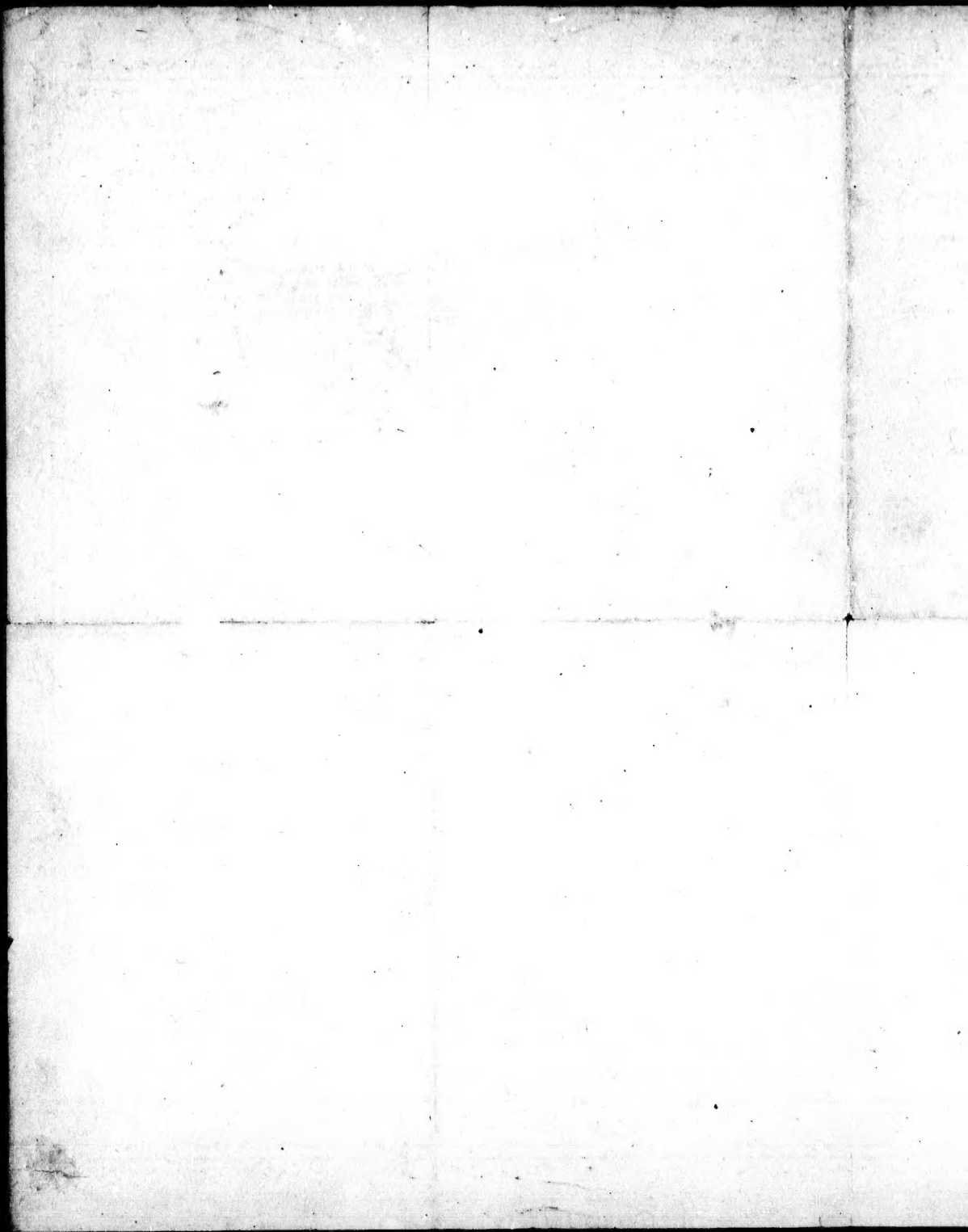




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The Exile.



BY

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The Exile.

1 I came to the land of my birth,
I sought for the home of my sire,
The thistles were rank on the hearth,
And silenced the voice of the lyre.

2 No sound of greeting or woe
Arose from those *once* brilliant halls,
The threshold was broken and dank,
And roofless the *once* noble walls.

3 I called on the names of the past,
Or echo, or answer, was none;
I saw, as a stranger, I stood,
In the spot where I first saw the sun.

4 Oh, days of my youth, are you gone!
I cried, in my bitter despair,
The life-blood is wrung from my heart,
My bosom is burthened with care!

5 Alone like a phantom I'll fly—
Nor care where my journey shall end,
As a stranger, forsaken, I stand,
Where *once* I had father, and friend.

6 Alone thro' the world I will go,
Nor reck where my wand'rings shall close,
There is nought but the arrow of death,
Can now bring me peace or repose.

7 Away, From the *house* of my birth,
Thro' the *streets* where in childhood I played,
Heart-broken, dejected, alone,
A pilgrim, an exile I strayed.

8 Heart-broken, around as of old,
I saw the same friendship and truth,
I saw the sweet games as of yore,
But not the dear friends of my youth.

9 The marbles, the top and the hoop,
By the side-ways were yet to be seen,
The ball, and the bat, and the kite,
Arose as of old o'er the green.

10 The laugh and the shout were the same;
O'er the rocks, thro' the meads and the sands,
The sports and the plays were alike,
But changed were the hearts and the hands.

11 Oh, Time, what a wreck dost thou make,
I cried, as I gazed with a sigh,
Before the swift tramp of thy foot,
All beauty and glory must die.

12 Thou wingest thy course with a flight,
Nor bastions, nor mountains can stand,
Thou wingest thy scythe with a power,
That ruleth the sea and the land.

13 O'er Pompell, Carthage, and Rome,
Beheld I the marks of thy away,
And *here* the blood chills to my heart,
As thy desolate track I survey.

14 The Mountains, the crags, and the flowers,
The forest, the river, and lea,
As of old in their beauty arose,
And welcomed me back with a smile.

15 The hills and the vales were the same,
The v'iolets still bloomed as of yore,
The lilies still hung by the streams,
But the friends of my youth were no more.

16 I said—in my desolate woe,
The days of thy glories are o'er,
Afar o'er the ocean I'll fly,
And die on some wild foreign shore.

17 The Ganges, the Po, or the Rhine,
Whatever, wherever it be,
More joyful, more sweet is it now,
Than the land of my birth is to me.

18 I left. From the home of my sires,
(Still led by my ill-fated star),
A wanderer, banished, forlorn,
I fled thro' the nations afar.

19 Alone thro' the deserts of Ind,
Thro' the hot burning sands of the plain—
The pyramids echoed my griefs,
And sighed in response to my pain.

20 The Bedouin wept as he heard
The desolate tale of my woes,
Nor sympathy, travel, nor love,
Could bring to my bosom repose.

21 The anguish that haunted my soul,
Like a demon forever was near,
Still rose like a phantom of gloom,
And dim'd ev'ry smile with a tear.

22 Oh, Spirit of blisses and woes,
Creator of raptures and sighs,
How dark hast thou woven our fate,
How close hast thou sealed the skies!

23 Thou raisest our bosoms in dreams,
Of things that are glorious and bright,
And when on the threshold, we gaze—
And see but the darkness of night.

24 The loved-ones that from us are gone,
We hope, in our yearnings, to see;
But, ah, as we stand by the grave,
How darkly the teachings agree!

25 We look from the clay to the tomb,
We look from the tomb to the sky,
We call on the names of the lost,
And wander away with a sigh.

26 A rose we may pluck from their side,
May kiss it, and keep it for years,
A pansy may rend from their mound,
And water its leaves with our tears.

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27 They'll serve but to waken the grief
That slumbers in cradled repose,
Shall call up the days of the past,
And nourish the fount of our woes.

28 They'll bring us nor light nor a pledge
Of the change, whether woeful or well,
Though the blood of our heart in them flow,
They nought of the spirit can tell.

29 I said—as I journeyed alone,
The ways of the Maker are dark,
Adown the swift ocean of time
We sail in a rudderless barque.

30 The compass that marketh our flight
Doth point to a mystical pole,
As the pow'r of the magnet, in night
Wrapt is the fate of the soul.

31 The thoughts of the Maker are deep,
I said, as I gazed on the sky,
We muse o'er the deeds of his hands,
And our weakness behold with a sigh.

32 The works of the Maker are grand,
I cried, as I gazed on the hills;
Each star is the child of His will,
And its office with rapture fulfills.

33 'Tis done; I will wander no more,
I cried, in my desolate pain,
'Tis over; no more o'er the past,
Will I frenzy the chords of my brain.

34 I will seek out a place of repose,
No more o'er the future I'll grieve,
As a child I will look to my God,
And the words of His servants receive.

35 I said—but the furies are strong,
And still in my flight they pursue;
I said: As the gay and the young,
The favors of Fortune I'll woo.

36 I will blend with the good and the wise,
I will cast my dread anguish behind,
With wisdom, in strength, I'll arise,
And drug the dark gloom from my mind.

37 But, ah!—as the vane fore the wind,
E'en so is the spirit of man,
To-day, as the earth is he fixed;
To-morrow, in atoms his plan.

38 I fell. To my sorrows again
As fleet as the eagle I flew,
As swift as the beams of the sun
Again to the cypress I drew.

39 Neath the willows I poured out my tears,
Disburthened my anguish in sighs,
From the pansy, the myrtle, and yew,
As of old I gazed on the skies.

40 Oh, rapture and love, were you mine,
To bloom but a moment and die!
Oh, rapture and love! from the crags
Re-echoed again with a sigh.

41 The cataracts hushed as I sang
The mournful song of my days,
The wolf from his ambush uprist,
And gazed on my form with amaze.

42 The guardsman, as onward I past,
Stood silent, and leant on his spear;
E'en the children beheld me, and gazed,
And silenced the voice of their cheer.

43 Oh, spirits of those that are gone,
If yet in existence you be,
Can you nought of the future foretell?
Can you nought of the future foresee?

44 Do ye wing thro' the gloom, and behold
The ruin your absence has made?
Do ye fly on the wings of the wind,
And the ways of creation upbraid?

45 Do ye know of our grief, and yet ever
Thus leave us in anguish to mourn?
Do ye live as of old, and yet never
In pity or friendship return?

46 Wherever, whatever you be,
We nought of your presence can know,
As ye loved us on earth, if ye can
Why nought of the future foreshow?

47 Thus e'er in a tempest I thought,
Nor would the dark demon depart;
Thus e'er in a chaos I muse,
And wall out the griefs of my heart.

48 The friends of my bosom are gone,
In ruins our once happy home;
As a pilgrim for years have I strayed,
And yet as an exile I roam.

49 Alone thro' the deserts and wilds,
Thro' oceans and nations afar,
Alone thro' the world I fly,
Still lead by my ill-fated star.

50 The caverns and ruins, as of old
In pity my anguish behold,
At midnight the raven yet starts,
As the tale of my griefs I unfold.

51 The forests, the valleys, and crags,
In sympathy weep o'er my woes,
But—nor sympathy, travel, nor love,
Can bring to this bosom repose.

